

ELEGIES
ON THE
QUEEN
AND
ARCHBISHOP.

See Walsh Poems
p. 6

BY
SAMUEL WESLEY, M.A.

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AND
ARCHBISHOP

BY
SAMUEL WEBSTER M.A.

LOCKWOOD

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givew higle em his wne bna

gwoe AMY b givew him hev bna

On tis s

On the S

D E A T H

Her Late Sacred Majesty

M A R Y

Queen of England, &c.

Pindarique Poem.

A H *sinful Nation ! Ah ungrateful Isle !*
 See what thy *Crimes* at last have done !

At last thy *Shechina* is gone,
 Thy beauteous *San* no more must on thee *smile* :

Thy *Dove* is shelter'd in the *Ark*,
 The *Heav'ns* are silent all, and *dark* ;

Dark as thy *Fate*, or where
 Thro' horrid *Rifts* some *Streaks* of *Light* appear :

They *bode* a dreadful *Flood*

Of *Fire* and *Blood* ;

So *Sodom* look'd when *Lot* was fled,
 The wrathful *Skies* wore such a gloomy red,

B

While

While the *destroying Angels* hov'ring stood,
 And only did the *Signal* wait
 To pour their full-charg'd *Viols* down
 On the devoted Town,
 Scatt'ring wide *Ruin*, and inevitable *Fate*.

H T A E D

Thus *Sodom* fann'd, and thus it fell,
 Their *Paradise* transform'd to *Hell*,
 Whose pitchy *Streams*, long in Earth's *Caverns* lost,
 Rise from the *Shades* of *Death* and *Night*,
 And dare th' almost forgotten *Light* ;
 Agen they rise on *Albions* distant *Coast* ;
 And fear not we their *Fate* who all their *Lewdness* boast ?
 Each *Age*, each *Sex*, each *Order* and *Degree*
 Full-ripe, and bending for *Destruction* stand,
 And joyn their *Crimes* to sink a guilty *Land*,
 Nor can, alas ! itself th' *Attoning Altar* free.
 Yes,— we their *Fate* in vain wou'd shun
 If on their *Crimes*, and worse we run ;
 Already is the *Plague* begun,
 Some *Scalding Drops* already fall
 Beck'ning the rest away,
 While those who might the *Pile* of *Vengeance* stay
 Wise *Heav'n* aside does call ;
 From its *strong Arm* all *Intercessors* throw
 For fear their stronger *Prayers* shou'd stop the *Blow*.

III.

It is resolv'd, said the *All-bigh !*
Patience divine no longer now can bear,
Mercy itself no more can spare ;
 Soon shall they feel that *Pow'r* they now *desie* ;
 Henceforth I cancel their abus'd *Reprieve* :
 In *Hell*, if not on *Earth*, they shall a *God* believe.
 Go then, said he, to an *Attendant Micht*,
 The fairest *Form* of all the *Sons of Light* ;

The same who our blest Queen to Albion's Shores convey'd,
 The same who hail'd the bright Judean Maid ;
 (Go Gabriel ! to that stubborn Spot which lies
 Amid th' Atlantic Main,
 Which that, and me who fix'd its Shores defies ;
 Go, since a Blessing, they like her, despise,
 Go, bring my Pledge againt !
 Hast ! For, till from the thankless Isle she's gone
 Nothing must to the thankless Isle be done :
 Gladly the pitying Mind for a Reverse had staid,
 Might his important Charge have been delay'd ;
 But since the Doom was fix'd, the pitying Mind obey'd.

IV.

This soon was to our Guardian known, for who
 Heaven's mind e'er better knew ?
 Who, e'er among the Sons of Men ?
 Our Guardian now, our watchful Primate then :
 Our Punishment he did too justly dread
 Which in our Sins he plainly read :
 Low on his Knees himself he threw
 Before th' Eternals Throne
 As Jacob, e'er he over Peniel past ;
 Still kept his Grasp, and held th' Almighty fast ;
 Agen th' Almighty said — Let me alone !
 Still he persists, till toucht himself he found ;
 As Isr'el then, and lifeless struck the Ground :
 Far more of hers than his own Fate afraid
 Agen he rose, agen he pray'd,
 Agen he askt she might not goe,
 Nor was o'ercome, but with a second Blow :
 Since she must dye he covets Life no more,
 He saw 'twas Fate, and gladly went before.

V.

Thus half the mighty Work was done ;
 One side of our blest Queen unguarded stood
 For Fate to strike where e'er it wou'd ;

She

She follow'd soon when once her Harbinger was gone :
 How various Deaths, and yet how sure
 (The first Design, against her e'er took place,)
 Did she, undaunted, face him ?
 How firmly did she all, and like her self, endure ?
 She only still remain'd unmov'd ;
 She only not her self admir'd and lov'd :
 All Eyes now th' almost forgotten Temples crowd,
 And for her Safety and their own they vow'd ;
 To Heav'n they all her Virtues tell,
 Which knew 'em but alas ! too well ;
 It knew how ripe for Heav'n they were,
 How much too good for this bad World to share.

VI.

See where a Host of Widdow'd Matrons come !
 Before the unpropitious Altars laid,
 In vain their Cry deaf Heav'n invade ;
 See where they tire the Stars for aid,
 But can't reverse her Doom !
 See where as many Smiling Orphans go
 As yet almost too young to feel their Woe !
 Yet do they raise their little Hands and Eyes,
 Yet do they tell the unrelenting Skyes
 They all must dye if their new Mother dyes.
 Near these, bright Confessors and Exiles stood :
 Such Bounty from Our Country's Parent shown
 As made 'em here almost forget their own ;
 Glorious with honest Scars, and sprinkled all with Blood.
 These, and a thousand Miserables more
 Who at her Palace oft did wait,
 As those who at Bethesda late,
 Till them high Heav'n shou'd by the Angels Hand restore ;
 All these with interrupting Tears repeat
 How far the Good in her excell'd the Great :
 The much she did, and more she still design'd ;
 Which, like their Pray'r, Had and

blood Was lost in air, hold me to see no
And scatter'd into Wind.

VII. How

How poor are all the Honours Art can give?
 The Heralds pompous Skill, how poor?
 Nor can it grant, nor Faute secure,
 Nor need it those, bright Sain^ts who like thee live.
 Jewels and Stars themselves wou'd be
 When in thy Arms fasse Heraldry.
 Yet that bright Topaz of the Air sov'g now
 Which scatters round perpetual Light,
 Hardly his Rays than her less bright,
 The Sun himself is likest her:
 As constant she her Blessings round her sent,
 As silently did she her Alms dispence,
 As Friendly was her Influence,
 As deep she pierc'd, as wide her warmth and bounty went:
 Yet with more care her Virtue did disguise
 Than Learning Sinners take to hide their Vice.

VIII.

Tho' there alas! so short her day,
 The Court it self sh' had learnt to pray:
 The Court, a wild Serail no more,
 Where Virtue a neglected Stranger grown,
 As 'twas in reigns before;
 Nor yet a dull monastic Cell,
 Where fullen Superstition rears its Throne
 A bire for the religious Drone,

Where silence never comes, and Discord loves to dwell:
 A Pattern of the Active Life she reign'd,
 Her Life like her fair Mind, unstain'd.
 She needed not a Crown to've made her shine
 Her Goodness scatter'd something more divine.
 Slowly she took what Heav'n's wise Bounty gave,
 Three sinking Realms, and half a World to save.
 And with more pain to Empire she her self resign'd
 Than at the last sad Hour to Heav'n her peaceful mind.

That glorious *Trifle* of a *Throne*
 Let's fought, tho' more deserv'd, by none:
 Wherever plac'd, ev'n *Envy* had confess
 She still had been the greatest and the best:
 Glorious *Eliza* we no more prefer,
Eliza's self was but a *Type* of her:
 Only the *Gleanings* of her *Praise*;
 If to be seen
 In any other *Queen*
 Wou'd give a *double Crown*, and her t'a *Saint* wou'd raise.

IX.

Majesty she and *sweetness* reconcil'd,
 Shone like the *Sun*, yet like the morning *smil'd*,
 How *easie* was her *State*! how *awful*, yet how *mild*!
 She reign'd above the mean *Disguise*
 Of *vulgar States and Policies*,
 Whom their mere *dulness* drives on *Cheats and Lies*.
Goodness and *Truth* were the chief *Arts*
 By which her *Friends* she charm'd,
 Her *Foes* (if any cou'd be so) disarm'd,
 Commanding her glad Subjects *Hands* and *Hearts*.
 Steady and cheerful still she steer'd
 While we amidst contending *Seas*
 Enjoy'd the *Calm* of *Peace*,
 Nor *Rocks*, nor *Tempests* fear'd.
 The pond'rous *weight* of *Empire*, did she share,
 With *Cesar's self* divide th' *important Care*,
 Not *Cesar's self* his part cou'd more unshaken bear:
 Alcides did great *Atlas* ease,
 And she our greater *Hercules*:
 While he in eager *chace* of *Fame*
 Does *Tyrants* quell and *Monsters* tame:
 She bears the glitt'ring *Orbs* on high,
 She bears the *stress* of *Earth* and *Sky*;
 She bears unmov'd the *precious weight*
 Of *Altar* both, and *Throne*,
 Equal to both, tho' she, alone
 The prop of *Church* and *State*.

X. Since

Since this and more her worst of Foes confess,
 How were her Merits and their Grief express'd
 By those who with her sacred Friendship blest!
 How did the Orphan-Church, how justly show
 Her deep Concern at th' unexpected blow!
 See where EUSEBIA, sad, yet fair appears,
 (None than EUSEBIA, Mary better knew,
 And knowing needs must love her too.)
 How charming ev'n in Grief, how beautiful in Tears!
 (So looks the Silver Moon, when pleas'd to shrowd
 Her modest Rays in a thin watry Cloud.)
 She try'd to ward the blow, and faint
 Wou'd Wrest away Heav'n's Bolts but try'd in vain?
 She Sigh'd, yet dar'd not of just Heav'n complain:
 Low in the Dust her self she flings,
 And breaks her Harps, now useless Strings;
 Her decent Garments sully'd with a Flood
 Of Sacred Tears, as once of Sacred Blood.
 Yet will I tell, said she,
 If Life so long will last,
 And Sorrow flows not in too fast;
 What she has been, what others ought to be:
 Against the weeping Stones she lean'd her beauteous Head,
 And thus, as ebbing Tears gave leave, she said:
 O! she was all that others wou'd be thought!
 All that the present Age in antient Rolls have read
 Or from their Fathers have receiv'd,
 But scarce believ'd
 Of the illustrious Dead;
 All, all her shining Life, and blest Example taught:
 What Honours did she on my Sons confer, (her?)
 Who while they preach'd themselves, still learn'd from
 Just to their Order, tender of their Fame,
 Like Heav'n's dread Messengers she treated them:

No Virtues in her sight cou'd unrewarded be ;
 If any Faults they made
 She hid 'em all in a well-natur'd Shade,
 And what her Judgment saw, her Goodness wou'd not see.
 Ah ! who shall now adorn, or them defend ?
 Who shall advise, encourage, or commend ?
 Yet still they've left a surer, greater Friend :
 While William here does his kind Aid afford, (Sword,
 And guards 'em with his Shield, and guards 'em with his
 In Heav'n his stronger Arm their Cause maintains,
 Who never sleeps, who never dyes, who always reigns.

Sure she was form'd by Heav'n to shew
 What undissembled Piety cou'd do, vs wvld know
 To what a height Religion might be rais'd ; (She bears not now, and therefore may be prais'd)
 Wou'd Virtue take a Shape, sh'd choose to appear
 And think, and speak, and dress, and live like her.
 Zeal without Heat, Devotion without Pride,
 Work without Noise did all her Hours divide :
 Wit without trifling, Prudence without Guile
 Pure Faith, which no false Reasonings e're cou'd spoil
 With her, secur'd and blest our happy Isle
 One harsh, old-fashion'd Truth to Court she brought,
 And made it there almost believ'd again ;

Her Practice shew'd her Judgment thought
 That Princes must be sav'd like other Men.
 No single World cou'd her great Soul employ,
 Earth her Diversion was, but Heav'n her Joy.
 If ought with that her Thoughts cou'd share

'Twas her ungrateful Subjects Care :
 Our hov'ring Fate she saw, and step'd between,
 Deserving all her great Forefathers claim'd,

The Faiths Defender more than nam'd,
 More than in Title the Most CHRISTIAN QUEEN.

XIII. Say
 or

Say, all ye Seraphs who did her attend,
 When daily twinkling at the Throne
 That's only brighter than her own,
 And say, thou Guardian Friend,
 Who didst so long thy darling Charge secure,
 And her with *Walls of Fire* immure,
 Saw you in all your Provinces below,
 Or see ye now in *Edens* self, above,
 Where rise the secret Springs of Joy and Love,
 And in immortal Rivers flow,
 A Mind more firm and pure?
 Or saw you e'er her Heart or Eyes
 By any Object here amus'd,
 When she from Earths dull Clod almost unloos'd
 So oft before so near approach'd her Kindred in the Sky?
 O happy you! and happy they
 Tho' cloath'd as yet in mortal Clay,
 Happy alike, who waiting there
 Did her Devotion see and share,
 Since ev'n an atheist at the sight of her
 Had turn'd almost Infamer,
 Say! did you ever see before
 Your own blest Country resembled more,
 Where those whom she, alas! too soon must meet,
 Down—Down—Down—Down

Reviseat.
4. 10.

Each casts his Crown,
 His Crown and self at the *Yule-mass* Feaste,
 Thus the fair Mother part of MARY'S Praise exprest:
 But who, who dares presume
 To approach her private sacred Room!
 To pry into the Ark, and learn, and tell the rest!
 That may the Vestal Muse, the Muse alone may dare,
 For she, tho' clad in humble rustic gray,
 The neither beauteous she, nor gay

Once, ah but once was there :
 Nor her rude Duty did that best of Queens refuse,
 Nor did she wear a Frown
 To make her self unknown,
 Nor did she justly blast th' aspiring Muse.
 Her Pardon sue, and more did give,
 The golden Scepter shew'd, and bade, and made her live.

Forgive ! O sacred Shade ! Forgive once more !
 The same Presumption that you did before !

And let the Muse, whose piercing Eyes
 Thro' present, past, and future spies,
 You, in your blest retirement show,
 And tell what none but Angels know.
 And see the dazzling Scent arise !
 Away Profane ! you must not gaze,
 Away ! without the hallow'd Bound ! O
 'Tis Death for all th' impurg'd to pass,
 'Tis Death to touch the sacred Ground.
 But come, you Just, you Pious Few,
 To whom her Name is ever dear,
 Who more than fashionable Mourning weat !
 Come hither all, and trembling see !
 The Queen ! It can be none but she,
 Raise every Hand ! bend every Knee !
 The Queen and Heav'n have there an Interview ;
 The last e'er Faith is chang'd to Sight,
 And for our Eyes she grows too bright.
 See that attendant Angel there,
 Who bids her for new Crowns prepare,
 At awful Distance he stood by,
 She farther rais'd her Heart and Eye
 To him from whom can nothing secret lie.

— Happy the Man whose well-purg'd Ear
 Cou'd all of their blest Converse hear !
 But this alone
 (Whence may with ease be guest
 How well she'd learnt the Language of the blest)

Unto

Unto the listening Muse was known
As fleeting Suns thro sailing Clouds appear :
[— On me ! me only let the Stroke descend !
Let my devoted Head thy Wrath affage,
But spare my People, spare thy Heritage !
And for their sakes, my Lords dear Sacred Life defend !]

XVI.

She said, her Pray'r th' All-high, with peals
Of loud attestng Thunder seals ;
Her Pray'r obtains a new Reprieve ;
We may, tho Mary must not live.
The Angel, who no more cou'd stay,
Bows, and beckons her away.
Gladly the Message she receives,
Gladly all but WILLIAM leaves.
This only her firm Virtue tries,
No pains she felt, or cou'd all pains despise,
But what her Royal Heart
Endur'd, with him to part :
There, there her last convulsive agonies.
With more of ease her Soul cou'd from her Body fly
Than those far closer Bonds unty.
But that too sure Commission Fate did give
How cou'd she dye, how cou'd he live ?
'Twas easie, Fate ! thy Prey to miss,
He was her Soul, and she was his. (Day,
— 'Tis done — thro Deaths dark shades she wings for
Nor can her other Soul behind her stay,
But clammers with her more than half the Ethereal way.

XVII.

There had they shin'd, two Stars as bright
As ever did their friendly Rays unite,
To bless th' admiring world with peaceful Light ;
Had not those Pow'rs who for poor Mortals care
Remember'd Maries pious Pray'r,
And all the Godlike work behind
For their lov'd Hero's Arms design'd.
Nor Nature two such Losses in one Age cou'd bear.

But

But when his great relating Soul return'd

Here must we draw a Veil and grieve a

Since all our Art wou'd fail ! see no

To shew how much her Death had hit our Life he mourn'd.

XVIII. you could wish not better

Accurst are those, nor can they more be curst
 Who have the best of Princes, love the worst :
 Who on themselves fix an eternal Brand ¹⁰
 And cast Confusion on the blushing Land.
 Their Prudence then and their Good-nature show
 At their ignoble Triumphs at our woe.
 None such a Loss like William's Soul could feel
 No weight but such as this, wou'd bend his Steel.
 How decent all his Griefs ! how just appears !
 How freely flow the Nations Sympathetick Tears !

Nor can his Foes esteem it Base
 That he to Fate it self gives place,
 And reels, and staggers with unequal blow,
 Since they to their confidors know not
 They never yet could raise his Griefs or fears.

XIX. See from the Dust the twice-born Heroise !
 See where he throws around his languid Eyes
 Which never dropt before ! She's now no more !
 In vain he throws 'em round — She's now no more !
 As much in vain his Souls Efforts did prove
 When Lifes weak Taper trembled to remove,
 And reach and joyn its Comfort-Flame above.
 O why lov'd Princes ! dost thou pursue so fast !
 Why makes thy struggling Soul such eager hast ?
 When e're you meet, how late we're for her,
 Too soon alas for us, and for the World it will be.
 — Nor yet shall Death the Conqueror gain
 Such strong Revulsives still certain : ill be
 Sound sound a Charge ! Let Wars loud Thunder roar
 And shake the trembling Gash perfidious Shore !

— It

—It takes — how fast he warms !
 With what a generous Heat
 His rallying Spirits bear
 To arm'd to arm'd in misery art
 His Grief, with soon to Martial Fury mixt,
 And France our Loss shall undiscriminating mourn.
 — So vol'd, of fact'd does our Great Millions liege
 So I might we Grid compare with Loss,
 So when the Forrest's King, whose Voice can make
 The Beasts, the Trees, the solid Mountains quake
 Is robb'd by Loss of his lowly Linings,
 In his broad Breast imperfect Thunder roar,
 He stalks along the silent Shado alone,
 But if he chance from fact'd
 To hear the gathering War,
 The Hunters shout, the Couriers neigh,
 The Eager Hounds more loud than they ;
 He casts his flaming Eyes around
 Impatient to engage
 And lashes his strong sides, and wakes his dreadful Rage,
 And spurns the Sand, and fills the air, and rends the Ground :
 Th' ignoble Coward now disdain'd
 And rushes out, and roars and frights the trembling Plains.
 See ! the coward Huns fly o'er the land,
 O'er thick Brakes and Mountains high !
 O'er the Fallows, thro' the Woods,
 O'er green Lawns and Crystal Floods ; —
 Fast they fly, Fear mends their Haste,
 But Grief and Rage pursue more fast ;
 See ! the Troop he overtakes !
 See what Rage there he makes !
 Horse and Horseman both o'erthrows,
 These with his strong Paws he rends,
 These with his Train to Earth he rends,
 And proudly stalks along o'er heaps of panting Foes.

But what art thou of this world — N.
XXI.

Tis glorious in undaunted Fights,
T offers an injur'd Nations right;
Tis yet more glorious, more divine,
With Earth and Heav'n against a common Foe to joyn;
To Vindicate the World from some proud Tyrants Chain:
— So lov'd, so fear'd does our Great William reign
“ While Fyren and Hell cross his strong Faste in vain,
Yer shd how gladly his dread Sward he'd smuthe,
Or wchit betw'z at home engage
The Monstrous Vicks of the Age, yd hdder al
Wou'd not be while the Gothic Hydra breatheth!
For Peace the angry Warlike fighes,
In Peace kind Heav'n is self delights,
Peace grows on Elen's happy Plains,
Where now her Peas blst Man's reigns:

T he pag 110
XXII.

How was Heav'n mrd at her arrival there! al bna
With how much more than usual Art and Care,
The Angels who so of to Earth had gone
And born her to th' Eternals Throne,
For her new Coronam now prepared.
How welcomed how caref'd
Among the blest,
— And first mankinds Great Mother rose,
Give way, ye crowding Souls! said she,
That I the second of my Race may see!
But e'er she came the First did Interpose;
(Whom next my God and King,
Next, and but next I'll sing.)
The other M a. z, who to meet her goes:
How like their charms! how full of Grace!
O better Mother of our sinful Race! (Face 1
How great her Meen! how sweet her Air! how bright her

VXXIII.

The Worthies of the Hebrew Line
 Did their adopted brethren wrong,
 Her light a Sumptuous dishonour
 Of every Sex undevy'd,
 Here did brame Deliver appear,
 Pulchritus claus, Eliza there
 Our Edward, their Jesus, nearely'd
 Their Fates, both blest, the World no more they try'd,
 Blest hatchies did so well, our thought too young they
 Had Henry, Richard, and Appelle stand,
 The Martyrs there, a goodly shining Band.
 These near the altar, near the Sonne Right Hand:
 Vast was the War, wondrous to behold,
 With living Gods it shone, and beverly GOD,
 Fair under whose broad Bosome which did present
 The heinous Ark of Iome new Fittament
 The hating Gods who when for Truth they dy'd
 Had Money ask'd for those souls
 Who were their causeless Noes,
 Now, all, as loud for Vengeance cry'd
 The Holy and True! How long!
 (This was their watchful Song:) * 6. Revel.
 How long must the proud Whore in triumph reign,
 "Her scarlet Robes in Blood will deeper stain,
 "How long shall Earth blaspheme! how long will Heav'n
 When from the Throne a Voice was giv'n (refrain!)
 Which shook the Poles of Earth and Heav'n:
 "There rest in Peace! our Friends! it said,
 "And wait for all the martyr'd Dead!
 "Nor must our Bells so soon be sent,
 "You're not complete, Man may repent.
 "The while ascend one Order higher,
 "And joyn the still-increasing Quire!
 Forward they move, while Angels bring
 A Harp, a Robe, a Crown
 Installing every one
 A Poet, Priest, and King.

XXIV.

But who are those ! that mighty Three
 Distinguish'd from the rest ?
 Who marching up abreast go not
 Approach, great Queen ! to welcome thee ?
 The most Majestic there is in the world
 A double Crown, the rest a single wear.
 Two Branches seen of the Nasserian Line,
 Strange ! Colours ! — Yes, they're they !
 Such Beams around their Temples us'd to play.
 The third is Martyr'd CHARLES, still more Divine.
 It must be Martyr'd CHARLES, he looks so good,
 His Ermin dy'd with his own sacred Blood.
 By sacrilegious Hands, all Victims fell,
 All sent too soon to Heav'n by Monsters rais'd from Hell :
 All their great Kindred welcome and embrace,
 But CHARLES, the most and best,
 Who claimeth Merit, and his Love express,
 — “ Welcome, thrice welcome to this happy place !
 “ Whose Praise nor Envy shall, nor Age deface,
 “ Thou best ! thou dearest Name of all my Race !
 — And more he wou'd have said, but bears
 Th' Intelligences tune their Spheres !
 And knew they wou'd some wondrous thing
 At her Reception sing :
 All in their hands the Harps of God they take,
 Nature be still ! No Voice beneath
 The Clouds be heard ! no Wind to breath,
 No Leaf to shake !

XXV.

* 15. Revel.
 3, 4

* “ — How wondrous are thy Works ! how bright,
 “ O of unbounded Pow'r and Might !
 “ Yet if we ought can add unto thy Praise,
 “ We for the Truth and Justice of thy Ways,
 “ O King of Saints ! will nobler Trophies raise.

What Mortal, form'd of *Dust and Clay*
 What Mind ! to thee as weak as they
 Can in thy angry sight appear
 Or at thy *Voice* can choose to *Fear* ?
 If once thy *Voice* they not obey
 It soon can take the *Life* it gave,
 Tho' rather, thy delight to save !
O *Holy Father ! Spirit ! and Son !*
 — *Dread Holy Three ! Dread Holy One !*
Thy Eyes, how perfect and how pure !
 All those approve
 Who *Virtue* love
 Nor can the smallest *Stain* of guilt endure.
 Tho' long the *stupid World* has been
 Enslav'd to *Error*, lost in *sin*,
 Did long thy saving *Health* despise ?
 Now the fair years in comly *Order* rise :
 The *stupid World* shall worship *Fiends* no more
 (Their Temples by th' *Almightyies Frown*,
 Their smoaking *Altars* thunder'd down),
 But thee and thy dread *Son*, **O King of Kings** adored

A

P O E M

On the Death of his Grace

J O H N

Late Lord Arch-Bishop

G A N T E R B U R Y

I.

Find me some place yet more remov'd from Day,
Impervious to the Suns all-cheering Light;
Where Comfort casts no Gleam, kind Hear' nno Ray,
Lost in the double Shades of Grief and Night.

II.

There will I mourn till I grow old in Tears,
Till I th' unkind, the spiteful World have shown
'Tis a true Black my unbought Sorrow wears,
'Tis for my Countrys Loss, and not my own.

III. When

III.

When he whom Deaths hard sleep in vain did bind,
 In his dark Grotto immaturity slept
 A greater Mourner than if all Mankind
 Shrouded in black had waited; JESUS, wept.

I. S. John
35, 36.

IV.

He taught us Tenderness where e'er 'twas due,
 Nor e'er cou'd Tomb to more than this pretend;
 Which shall this Truth to Grandchild Ages shew,
 Here lies, Mankind, and God's, and Cesar's Friend.

V.

Say Envy's self, if Envy's self can say,
 If to his God he was not pure from Blame!
 His Soul shin'd thro' with so divine a Ray,
 As clear confess the Heav'n from whence she came.

VI.

Just, all his Thoughts of God, all great and bright,
 Mild Majesty with awful Goodness vail'd;
 Such as might Man allure and not affright,
 All, worthy him who Heav'n's great Lord is hail'd.

VII.

No black Idea, form'd from Guilt or Fear,
 Or by illnature'd Ignorance, ill-defin'd;
 But such, as pure, unmixt & Angels wear,
 Such he himself, now rais'd to perfect Mind.

VIII.

Humbly he low'd, whom gladly he obey'd,
 Serene his Pray'r, unclouded as his Brow;
 Beneficent, and Good, to all he made
 He taught him then, and such he finds him now.

Him

IX.

Him, he thro all the Maze of Matter trac'd,
 In every Particle his Footsteps found,
 Who first a shore to the wild Chaos plac'd,
 And Atom, close to Brother-Atom bound.

X.

In Heav'n's wide Arch he found, and show'd him there
His Sermons Adorn'd in all his Furniture of Light;
 Then, here transcrib'd, in Strokes almost as fair,
 In lasting Characters, almost as bright.

XI.

O'er this vast Globe did his bold Pencil show
 How all his Works did spread their Makers Fame;
 How aged Mountains stand, and Waters flow,
 And every Flow'r, and Insect wears his Name.

XII.

No flatt'ring Colours on weak Reasons laid,
 No drossy mixtures with the purer Ore;
 Strongly he built, and firm Foundations made
 From Truths, and Natures unexhausted Store.

XIII.

Yet his strong Reason to his Faith he bent,
 By new Elastic Pow'r still stronger made;
 Yet more than natural Truths had his Assent,
 Who where he cou'd not comprehend, obey'd.

XIV.

Ah miscall'd Reason! who wou'd Reason bring
 Th' Eternal Word and Reason to dethrone!
 Your Faith refuse to your Almighty King,
 Protection take, yet no Allegiance own
 Who

.JXV.

Who a *Man* God, a *God Supreme*, I his glob^b ble on^w
 Not to the great God man just Honours pay: bA
 Rob the Creator of his Kingly Seal^s (the *True T*)
 And yet to one you think a *Creature* pray.
 Wpce

.II.XVI.

When left by God how vain a Thing is *Man*. w^b slo^w
 How weak his Mind from its true Center thrown,
Christ's Mysteries you can't believe, but can see on^w
 Such pure mysterious Nonsense of your own.
 B

.III.XVII.

Not so this *Champion* of his Saviour's Name,
 Whose weighty Pen did *Heresy* confound,
 Secur'd his own and th' injur'd Churches Fame,
 And laid the *Polid Monster* on the Ground.
 His Sermons
against the
Socinians.

XVIII.

He knew ev'n Natures self had *Mysteries*
 Too deep for shallow Reason's finite Line:
 Nor lookt against the Sun, nor clos'd his Eyes,
 Nor equalld *humane Knowledge* with *divine*:

XIX.

Nor all believ'd who from th' *Eternal King*,
 Commission plead, but can't produce his *Hand*;
 A false, a forging Race, who only bring
 His miscall'd *Vicars* ill-dissembled *Brand*.

XX.

Tho all *Mankind* he low'd, he cou'd not those nobis^b
 Whose monstrous *Faith's* full contradiction size,
 Who on the *Sense* of all *Mankind* impose,
 And with implicit *Faith* believe in *Lies*.

XXI.

Who old deform'd, Idolatry new paint,
And Images to their lost Shrines restored,
(The Name just chang'd, the Hero turn'd to Saint,
Where Demons lodge as quiet as before.)

XXII.

Whose whole Religion turn'd too Cheat and Trade,
Did all deuar, like Babel's Mal Thief:
Who to the Rich all Landes's rental made,
But dam'd th' insolvent Poor without Relief.

XXIII.

None e'er with neater Sense, or closer laid, eids (done):
Unmask'd their Frauds than those, Great & Small What:
As once the French of Talbot's name afraid, eids b'fore
We'll still th' Italians now with TILLOTSON!

XXIV.

Yet no wild Motions e'er disturb'd his Breast,
His Reason, not his Passion kept him warm;
No warring Winds his peaceful Soul opprest,
Where blew a gentle Breeze, but not a Storm.

XXV.

As he already liv'd in Paradise
All-equalt his happy Hours did flow;
Unruffled he by Interest, or by Vice,
He never knew a Thought or Care so low.

XXVI.

Pardon dear Country! if that Heat I blame
Which but too oft our Freeborn Minds enslaves!
Let Rome alone th' unerring Title claim
Why shou'd I storm because another waves?

or

Or

XXVII.

Or wash'd by Seas, our Fire, like Etna, glows;
 Or the strong Spirits within too closely pent
 Prey on themselves for want of other Foes,
 And, fuming, to unnatural Warmth lament.

XXVIII.

When th' angry Brothers did Heav'n's Bolts desire,
 Justly did them the Prince of Peace reprove;
 Taught 'em to conquer with a milder Fire,
 To conquer with the kindlier Warmth of Love.

XXIX.

If this a Fault, ev'n that Apostle err'd
 Whose great soul stoop'd, and all to all was made;
 Who Charity to Faith it self preferr'd,
 And yet no Truth deny'd, of none affraid.

XXX.

Thus this true Follower of his Saviours Life
 Who in his shining Paths exactly went,
 Taught without Noise, and differ'd without Strife;
 Soft were his Words, but strong his Argument.

XXXI.

Not holy Crammer easier cou'd forgive,
 Or more of heav'n-born Charity express'd;
 Firm to his Friend, a surer ne'er did live,
 Tho' most to Truth, the greatest, and the best.

XXXII.

Such great Armagh, who perfect long before
 Amid the blest a Starry Mire wears;
 Such many a Confessor and Martyr more,
 And such that Saint who now demands our Tears.

^{What}
 * In Letter to a Curate - Jackson Life C. W.
 Appendix page 521

XXXIII.

What grateful *Crowds* did him in Glory wait,
Whom his calm *Reasonings* thither show'd the Way!
How Blest his share in that unchanging State!
How bright he shines in those bright *Realms of Day*!

XXXIV.

Matty

What *Clouds of Pray'r* did waft him to that Place
Where Seraphs sing with heav'nly *Ardour fir'd*,
Ay-gazing on the Beatific Face!
The first Preferment that be e'er desir'd.

XXXV.

In him the *Orphan* a new *Father* found,
While *Widows* scarcely their *lost Lords* lament;
A gentle Surgeon he for e'ry *Wound* ;
Exiles with him *enjoy'd* their *Banishment*.

XXXVI.

None, ever, griev'd did from his *Presence* goe,
The *Poor* with such a Godlike *Sweetness* rais'd
They scarce cou'd blame their *Fate* that made 'em so,
While *Heav'n* and him their just *devotion* prais'd.

XXXVII.

Favour'd by God and Man, and full of Grace,
By all his *Wrongs* unbroken, all his *Cares*,
Eternal Youth smil'd in his reverend *Face*,
Tho' pure as *Virgin-Snow* his *Silver Hairs*.

XXXVIII.

To *Heav'n* he pay'd, or to the *World* he lent
That *Time* which he so justly did divide;
On both so *much*, and yet so *well* he spent
That, like the *Loaves*, you'd think it *multipli'd*.

How

XXXIX.

How clear his Soul; how firm his gen'rous Breast! and
How vast the Compass of his mighty mind! —
How, fairly all in his grave Looks express'd! —
Not for himself, but, born for Mankind!

三

Where'er Heav'n call'd, and his great Genius went,
He still excell'd, in Pulpit, Church and State;
To all a bright, a lasting pattern lent
For most to admire, and some to imitate.

XLI

A Statesman free from Interest or Design,
A Prelate watchful, painful, humble, wise;
How did he then when in the Pulpit shine! dw
Commanding Mortals Bars, and Angels Eyes!

* 1 Pet. I.

XI II

So Moses spake when he from Sinai came
And Isr'el did high Heav'n's Credentials show
So look'd, his Temp'le crown'd with radiant Flame,
On all the dazzled auditors below.

XLIIX

*Tho' peaceful, like his Lord, this Saint appear'd,
No strugling Thunder rais'd, or Mountain rent;
A still small Voice like whisp'ring Winds, was heard,
Which pierc'd the secret Soul where'er it went.*

XLIV.

*'Twas Music, Poetry, and Rapture all混雜着，
The Sweets of his orac'lous words to flaire；
As soft they fell as balmy Dew drops fall,
As smooth as undisturb'd ethereal Air.*

XLV.

Iactua 52/

In him how many variante Graces meet! — did make w^t H
 Hooker's weigh'd Periods, not perplex'd or long:
 As Waller's Sense, correct, or Numbers, sweet; w^t H
Cleaner his Thought than Wilkins, and as strong. w^t

XLVI.

One Word you cannot add or take away,
 Compleat, as Virgils, his Majestic Sense;
 To twenty Ages if the World shall stay
 The Standard he of English Eloquence.

XLVII.

To all he writes one Demonstration gives
 Which gently draws, and yet compels assent: A
 Good Life, which shows that he himself believes, b^t w^t
 Good Life, the most persuasive Argument.

XLVIII.

How cou'd the blackest Malice e'er oppose,
 So fair a Face, a Goodness so divine?
 Meekest on Earth! cou'dst thou have any Foes?
 But God and Cesar have, and theirs were thine.

XLIX.

Scarce better than brave man his Love express'd,
 Or dearer Marks of Loyalty did show,
 The poison'd Knife aim'd at his Sovereigns breast,
 Who stepp'd between to catch the fatal Blow.

L.

A manly, not a brute Submission paid,
 Abhor'd the Rebel, as abhor'd the Slave;
 From Love, not Fear, his Sovereign he obey'd;
 Who is not Loyal, never can be brave.

N^o .

al.

H

When

LVII.

When false Licinius fled, or did resign,
He had the Christians Oaths who fill'd his Place;
Still Loyal to the generous Constantine,
Tho' injur'd by the faithless Pagan-Race.

LVIII.

Shou'd some old lost Plantagenet arise,
And plead his lineal Title to the Throne,
Who'd not his antiquated Claim despise,
And still the brave the just Possess our own?

LIX.

So he who claims our Song, and claimis our Griefyns,
Who now the Prey of over-hasty Fate,
Of all the Mixed Worthies justly chief,
The firm Supporters of the Church and State.

LX.

Whole Clouds of fiery Darts by Malice cast
And forg'd in Hell, aim'd at the Sacred Head,
Most glanc'd on him, some short, some over-past,
Some dropt disarm'd, and at his Feet lay dead.

LXI.

How calmly smil'd he, at Hells fruitless Spite
How faire, and yet how easie his Defence
Fearless he stood, and dar'd infernal might
Under his seven-fold Shield of Innocence.

LXII.

LVI.

So generous Scava, who for Caesar fought,
And stood with Groves of Death encompass'd round
While Groves of Deaths on his broad Shield he brought?
Disarm'd the adverse Host without a Wound.

LVII.

Unmoy'd by all th' ill-natur'd World could do, of blood
When curs'd, he blest; he pray'd as they reviled him
So well his Saviour's Life and Laws he knew,
Abus'd, he turn'd the other Cheek and smil'd.

LVIII.

If any Blot in all his Life's fair Field,
Twas height of Goodness made his Judgment Day:
Of his black Foes he like the Father, sheld.
There might be room in Heav'n for such as they.

LIX.

But he was all-a-Saint, and cou'd forgive,
Nor so the Muse, who does just Bolts prepare,
Ah no! his Hands, as while he here did live,
Still stop the grul'ring Thunder in the air.

LX.

Since then we pity some, tho' some detest,
No farther Musc! in this sad Scene proceed!
Here draw a modest Veil before the rest!
Ah gently touch the Wound which still does bleed.

LXI

Calm

LXI.

Calm, as his *Life*, and then our grateful *Song* !
 Calm as his *Soul*, when she to *Glory* went :
 Be the worst *Word* to those who him did *wrong*,
 His own last *Wishes*, may they all *repent* !

LXII.

While those near warmer happier *Regions* born
 Weave costlier *Garlands* of immortal *Verse* ;
 The best poor *Flow'rs* our barren *Hills* adorn,
 Thus, wash'd in *Tears*, we bring to crown his *Maze*.

F I N I S.

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